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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM, GOD AND NATURE DID THE SAME."

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July 16, 1872 23 11

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POETRY.

A Picture.

Through heather, moss, and golden rod,
We wandered in the summer weather;
And, heeding scarce the way we trod,
Were glad, because we were together.
And, when the noonday sun was high,
A purple rock gave shelter cool;
Where, hidden from the summer sky,
And flecked with shadows, lay a pool.
It seemed a jewel, bright yet dim;
Wet ferns half strove to cover it;
Enticed by thyme, about the brim,
The wild bees murmured over it.
"And this the wishing-well," she cried.
"Where they who drink a boon may crave;"
And kneeling there the spell she tried;
And though she smiled, her eyes were grave.
Small hands together lightly pressed
From the cool spring she lifted up;
And half in earnest half in jest,
She offered me the rosy cup.
And in the pool her shadow came,—
A picture ne'er to be forgot,—
Sweet eyes and falling hair, in frame
Of fox-glove and forget-me-not.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
WASHINGTON, D. C., 15, 1872.
FINANCIAL.

The resolution of the Relief Committee of Boston that any increase of the currency based on their calamity would be "unwise, unnecessary, and prejudicial to the whole country" was a stopper to the clique who made the Boston fire a pretext for the purchase of \$2,500,000 instead of \$1,000,000 of bonds, but determined to succeed they yesterday appealed to both the President and Sec. of the Treasury to either purchase more bonds or put out additional currency as a measure of relief to Wall Street. Baotwell thus far believes it to be a huge speculation and not fear of a panic and says nay.

REFUNDING THE DEBT.

The Secretary of the Treasury will in his forthcoming report ask Congress to authorize the refunding of the bonded six per cent into a five per cent bond instead of a four and four and a half per cent bond as previously suggested. At five per cent and the payment of the interest in London on bonds held abroad and an increase in the commissions the Secretary says he can fund the remaining \$200,000,000 already authorized and the matured five twenties into a five per cent bond. The Jay Cooke-McCallough syndicate ring has a capacious maw hence the request to increase the commission.

DISCORDANT MUSIC.

The two Grant organs here the Chronicle and the Republican are entirely in accord when grinding out praise to the President, but are fearfully discordant at other times. The Ex. Rev. Senator Harlan now editor of the Chronicle thinks that the prayers offered up in the pulpits and in the Christian homes of the country carried the election for Gen. Grant and he desires as the representative of those praying Republicans a seat in the Cabinet. The Republican does not affect the pious dodge and cannot see the propriety of Harlan's cabinet aspirations and every few days we are regaled with an editorial on Brother Harlan. The pious Ex. Rev. would just suit the devout Ulysses.

A GAGE OF BATTLE.

Thirty prominent Radical politicians headed by the Governor-elect, Senator Cameron and the Mayor of Philadelphia will call on the President to-day regarding the appointment of a postmaster at Philadelphia. It is said that the President is determined to promote the deputy postmaster under the civil service rules. These politicians are already out of humor with Grant for taking Eorney to his arms instead of giving his political scalp to his enemy Cameron and this effort headed by the successful Pennsylvania politician is to test the President's gratitude to those who re-elected him.

Should he refuse their request he will soon hear the thunder of discontent, the mutterings of which I heard in Philadelphia both before and after the recent election.

OUR ALMOST EXTINGUISHED COMMERCE.

The prostrate condition of our once flourishing commerce is humiliating in a National sense and most depressing on our producing and manufacturing interests.

The commerce of the Atlantic has almost passed out of our hands and that of the Pacific, destined to be the most extensive in the World, will soon be absorbed by England if something is not speedily done to secure it for us, to whom of account of our Pacific Railroad it naturally belongs. The friends of the Australian Mail steamship company are quite confident that congress will aid them to sustain their line of steamers to Australia. This line has been kept up by the enterprise and energy of Mr. W. H. Webb of New York who now finds himself in competition with the Oriental and Peninsular steamship company, largely subsidized by its Government, and without aid from our Government he will be forced to withdraw and thus the immensely valuable trade of Australia will be lost to us. The new markets opened to our products and manufactures by the Pacific trade make the revival of our shipping of interest to every section and this fact in view of the great contrast between England's commercial prosperity and our wrecked commerce, will no doubt induce Congress, in part at least, to follow her example.

CHANGE MAKES CHANGE.

When we find the Missouri Republican, the great Democrat Journal of the West deviating so far from the old Democratic doctrine as to urge the General Government to build railroads from the East to the West, so as to compel a reduction of the enormous freight charges which amount to actual confiscation, it is not at all surprising to see Democratic Journals and Democratic statesmen advocating a system of subsidies to steamship lines similar to that which has built up England's immense commercial marine. Verily this is the day of change!

MEADE'S SUCCESSOR.

The President is bothered over the selection of a Major General to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. Meade.

The pious fraud Gen. O. O. Howard of Ex. Comm's Bureau notoriety does not seem to be as prominently mentioned as at first. Gens. Canby, Terry, Burnside and Quartermaster General Meigs are all named as is Sec. of War Belknap.

HON. E. D. WASHBURN.

Minister to France will be a candidate for United States Senator from Illinois, in place of Senator Trumbull. Of course the power of the Administration will be used to assist the President's friend. When in the House Washburne was one of the watch dogs of the Treasury, he will find constant cause for growling if he gets into the Senate at the schemes for depleting Uncle Sam's Cash box.

NOT SO.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Davis is to succeed Mr. Fish as Sec. of State or that Judge Settle, the President of the Philadelphia Convention, will be appointed to the Supreme Court upon the retirement of Judge Nelson.

A NEW PAPER HERE.

Donn Platt of the Sunday Capital purchased the establishment of the recent deceased Patriot and will in conjunction with George Alfred Townsend, start a new evening paper next week. Knowing something of this locality I trust they may command the success which I feel they will deserve.

THE NEW SOLICITOR GENERAL.

Judge J. J. Phillips of North Carolina, it is understood will be appointed Solicitor General in place of Bristow who will resign in a few days to accept the position as Chief of construction on the Texas Pacific Railroad.

A CONSTITUTIONAL HOWL.

The Radical Journals here are yelping over the action of Gov. Warmouth, of Louisiana, saying that he has overriden the Constitution. It makes some difference whose ox is gored.

The cotton mills of the South consumed last year 120,000 bales of cotton. In 1870 their consumption amounted to 91,000, and in 1869 to 86,000 bales.

OUR CHARLESTON LETTER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 18, 1872.

On Saturday night the freezing went on briskly and continued until this morning when the weather moderated just a little. It is still very cold, and the snap has been altogether quite a terrible one for Jack Frost at this early stage of the game. The atmosphere is dry however at any rate, and this is said to be favorable for the working animals, among whom the Epizootic is at its height. The disease has been steadily progressing and out of 6 horses one may casually meet on the street, five will show the symptoms and effect of the malady. Keeping the animals affected clear and well protected from bad weather is an almost certain cure but almost every one can suggest an infallible remedy for the sickness. One individual shaves the whole neck of the animal from the head to the shoulders and then blisters it until the skin is taken off. This remedy has never failed most probably because it has never been tried but once. The drays and city railway have all been reduced but are still keeping up a show of running and we are well nigh over the worst of the Epidemic, with but few fatal cases among the Equines.

John Robinson with his big horse opera pitched his tent on the Citadel Green last Friday amid a perfect storm of excitement. The Pavilion was crowded the first night but the omnipotent Epizootic was there beforehand. The menagerie and the horses alike had suffered it seems and even was the piquety of the wild animals and the trivialness of the Equestrism that John left next night with more curses than greenbacks from the defuncted juveniles on his way to Augusta; where he was last heard from fighting with the Mayor of that city for the privilege of introducing his Epizootic animals among the healthy Georgia Equines. If that Mayor has read the papers, perhaps John will have to remain on this shore of the Savannah and practice his show among the aborigines of Hamburg why don't some of your patriotic burghers get up a subscription and perhaps John will come to Orangeburg and show there the whole winter until the cruel Epizootic has disappeared from the land and become a "colitic chronicle" (as Tennyson calls it) of the past.

The Court of General session is sitting here and has twelve murder cases to dispose of. Three have been finished and one verdict of manslaughter was obtained in the case of Cain Simons. This is the brutal beast who stabbed a young white man named McDowell to death last August while the latter was attempting to expel him from Mr. McDowell's private house. The case provoked much indignation at the time; but it seems now that verily murder is becoming man's laughter in this County Nine more cases yet remain and your readers can infer from these facts the blessings of living in a free country where the life and liberty of citizens are so carefully protected. If they want to see fun and are mighty spry with their bowies and repeaters they need not go to Arkansas or California but they will get all the excitement they want in this delightful land called the county of Charleston.

All the Elect the (Bowen crowd) have come to town full of their mighty selves and swagger around with all the airs of our old officials. They are eager to assume their positions and bid it over the Regular Republicans, who are on their way out, with an incidence as edifying as it is ridiculous. They can hardly be worse than the old crowd, and come what will, we have all lived in this county long enough to know that a Buzzard roost cannot be fooled.

Alex.

Mysteries of Clouds.

The mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white through which the tops of the trees rise, as if through an inundation—why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail, that it will melt

away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? These colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks and strength to bear the beating of the high sun, full on their fiery flanks—why are they so light? their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leaves the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapors gain upon the earth like a shroud, or that ghost of a cloud that steals by yonder clump of pines, nay, which does not steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and, yet slowly: now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant and look back and it is again there, what has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches to and fro?

And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an Archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest? Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon dragon crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are clamping with their various lips dinging off flecks of black foam? Lengend Leviathans of the sea of Heaven, out of the nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning—where ride the captain of their armies? where are set the measures of their march? Pierce murmurers answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them to peace? what hand hath received them back on the way by which they came? Ruskin.

PHASES IN THE LIFE OF A FRENCH AGITATOR.—M. Henri Rochefort is the modern man with the iron mask. Like the traditional brother of a French king he is brought into prominence only to be withdrawn into a darker seclusion. He stood by the body of Napoleon, and, as another Anthony hanging about the bloody remains of Caesar, conjured the people to a long suffering while he meant to incite them to mutiny. He sent his revolutionary Lanterne, fired with fierce and dangerous light, into the very precincts of the palace. He stood the embodiment of a French Nemesis in the midst of the terrible bombardment of Paris, and handed to his collaborators torch after torch to send the infuriate flames crackling, scorching, and devouring the very heart of the metropolis he professed to love with the devotion of a woman.

Defiantly resisting the Versailles Government, he found himself a prisoner of the energetic old man who had chiefly devoted his life to the graces of historic literature. And to-day, a convicted man, Rochefort is seen no more by the French people. The prison in which he communicates by day and sleeps by night is unknown to his colleagues who have good fortune to escape a convict's cell and the swift vengeance of the successful party. The French Government and the jailer alone know the present habitation of M. Henri Rochefort.

Meanwhile, whether faith has ordained it for better or for worse, discreditable passages in the life of the great whilom agitator have come to light. The tale is so well told that we do not care to abridge it.

He earned \$6,000 to \$8,000 a year before he began to publish La Lanterne. This periodical poured into his pocket \$2,500 clear profit every week, (\$130,000 a year) making his total annual income \$136,000 a year at the least. He had his washstand furnished with pitcher, basin, tooth brush box, soap box, all of solid silver. His walls were hung with pictures for which he had paid a great deal, and which bore the names of the immortal master of printing. True, that at the sale they went for nothing but Rochefort's

is not the only cabinet of pictures valued at a fortune by its collector and sold for a song by its auctioneer. He lavished money on some of the most extravagant women of Paris. Meanwhile his father languished in a garret with no window but a skylight, allowed only one candle a week, and fed—you may imagine how poorly, after I tell you \$250 covered all the expenses, lodging, table, lights, and fuel for the sort of boarding house situated at 210 Rue du Faubourg, Saint Antoine. Rochefort never visited his father and never sent him money. There is some mystery about the father's marital relations. It is certain that Henri Rochefort's mother was a pastry cook, or a girl employed in a pastry shop, and forty odd years ago removed her beauty, Henri Rochefort's father was in those distant days a brilliant Yandeville writer, who thought the world was in a sling, whose string he held. He died a fervent Christian, and provided with the sacraments of the Catholic Church; nevertheless, Rochefort, who had disclaimed him living, took possession of his corpse and buried him without the least religious service, in order to increase his (Henri Rochefort's) popularity in Belleville.

Farm and Garden.

"Agriculture is the General Pursuit of man: It is the Basis of all others, and therefore, the most Useful and Honorable."

Hotcots.

Tears of gold, the heavens wept;
They fell, and were by billows swept
Into the sea, mid coral caves,
Where roll the ever restless waves.
And thus they lay, till they were found
By mermaids, took the ocean's ground.
The sea nymphs took the gems, so rare,
And wound them in their sea-green hair.
And often, now, some summer's night
The ocean gleams with golden light:
Caught by the night winds, floating there
With scars of gold in flowing hair.

TO PREVENT SOWS DESTROYING THEIR YOUNG.—The monthly report of the Department of Agriculture contains the following: It is well known that sows not unfrequently attack and devour their own young; or, if prevented from this, will not let down their milk, so that young pigs necessarily die for the want of nourishment. When this state of things is not caused by a diseased condition of the uterus; it is said that the sow can be brought to terms by pouring a mixture of ten to twenty grains of spirits of camphor with one to three of tincture of opium, into the ear. The sow will immediately lie down on the side of the ear to which the application was made, and remain quiet for several hours in the position without interfering with her pigs; and on recovery from the stupor will have lost her irritability in regard to them. The experiment has been tried in Germany hundreds of times, according to one of the agricultural journals, without any injurious effects. It is also said that the eating of pigs by the parent sow can be readily prevented by rubbing their all over with brandy, and making the same application about the neck of the sow herself.

ARTIFICIAL CLOUDS.—At an agricultural meeting at Lyons, in France, recently, experiments were made in the production of artificial clouds. Sheet iron vessels were placed about over a space of several acres. These vessels contained a pitch prepared specially for this purpose. It was fired, and immediately thick white clouds began to rise, and remained suspended some yards above the earth. Gradually they spread over the Rhone, and persons at a distance supposed a great conflagration to be raging. It is believed these artificial clouds could be made very useful in Spring and Fall to prevent the bad effects of frost. The cost of the pitch would be very small. Fifty kilograms of the mixture would not cost more than forty francs, or eight dollars, and that quantity would suffice to produce clouds of great extent, at least twenty times—less than fifty cents a cloud. Two or more nights, by combining could keep off frost for a month or more.